A poore vnminded outlaw ſneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to the Duke of *Lancaſter*,
To ſue his liuery and beg his peace,
With teares of innocency, and termes of zeale:
My father in kind heart and pitty mou'd;
Swore him aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barrons of the Realme,
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, ſtoode in lanes,
Laide gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,
Gaue him their heires, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He preſently as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at *Rauenſpurgh*
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lay too heauie on the common wealth,
Cries out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of Iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that he did angle for?
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the fauourites that the abſent King
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the *Iriſh* warre.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the poynt.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the necke of that, task't the whole ſtate:
To make that worſe, ſuffred his kinſman March,
Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

Indeede

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in *Wales*,
There without ranſome to lie forfeited,
Diſgrac'd me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vncle from the Counſell boord,
In rage diſmiſde my Father from the Court,
Broke oth on oth, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, droue vs to ſeeke out
This head of ſafetie, and withall to prie
Into his title, the which we finde
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I returne this anſwer to the King?

Hot. Not ſo, *Sir Walter*. Weele withdraw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impaund
Some ſuretie for a ſafe returne againe,
And in the morning early ſhall my Vncle
Bring him our purpoſe, and ſo fare well.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue.

Hot. And may be, ſo we ſhall.

Blunt. Pray God you doe.

Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke, and ſir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good *Sir Michell*, beare this ſealed Briefe
With winged haſt to the Lord *Marſhall*,
This to my cooſen *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whome they are directed. If you knew
How much they doe import, you would make haſt.

Sir Mi. My good Lord, I geſſe their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you doe,
To morrow, good *Sir Michell*, is a day
Wherein, the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch: For *Sir* at *Shrewsbury*,
As I am truly giuen to vnderſtand,
The King with mighty and quick rayſed power,
Meets with Lord *Harry*; and I feare *Sir Michell*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe power was in the firſt proportion;
And what *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,